BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1935

He prayeth best who lovest best,
All things both great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Vol. VIII No. 3

B O Z A R T

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Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

"The Wives of Henry VIII" by B. Y. Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio, published in the November-December issue wins the Hartsock prize. The second choice is "Memorabilia," by Marjorie Avalon. Others to receive highly complimentary votes are Edith Tatum, Stanton A. Coblentz, Jessie Wilmore Murton, James E. Warren, Jr., Margaret Matthews and Peter de Vries.

(Contents continued from Page One)

CASTLE PERILOUS
Helen Carson Jenssen 31

BETHEL
Mary Ferrell Dickinson 31

FAITH
Hildegarde Fried Dreps 32

FRAGMENT
Elizabeth Stapleton Stokes .. 32

NOR THE TONGUES OF MEN
Ethel King 33

TO HIM WHO STINTS WORDS
Rosa Myra Phillips 33

TIME HEALS—
Kathleen Sutton 34

WINTER SUNRISE
Charles Ballard 34

CAMBRIDGE IN EVENING
Leo A. Quinn 35

RONDEAU: THE CRADLE
Nell E. Mabey 35

QUEST
Mildred Lowell Illsworth 36

THE SCARECROW
Lillian M. Pierce 36

NIGHT
Elenore Lee White 36

UPON THESE SHORES
Kathleen Sutton 37

LULLABY
Vera Keifer 37

MY MAN
Alexander Hynd-Lindsay 38

FRIENDSHIP
Arthur Milton Pope 38

THY ROD AND THY STAFF
Helen V. Drum 47

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Contents, January-February, 1935

EDITOR'S SALON 2
A CHANTICLE OF THE SEA
Agnes Kendrick Gray 3
THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN
Reba Maxwell Avery 5
OLD SEA LOVERS
Frances Alexander 6
ANTICIPATION
Otto Freund 6
ONE FOR THE SEA
Mary B. Ward 7
ONLY THE WIND IS WISE
Charlene Underwood 7
SEA WAYS
Rena Sheffield 8
AGE
Margaret E. Bruner 8
THE SEA
Virginia Doss 9
HILLTOP POPLARS
Carl John Bostelman 9
SEA MADNESS
Ruth Genevieve Van Horne 10
ECONOMY
Constance Deming Lewis 10
ON SEEING THE MARSHES OF GLYNN—
Florence Jackson Stoddard 11
CACHE
Frank E. Palmer 11
BUILD ME A TREE
Muriel Jeffries Hurd 12
REDWOOD
Nan Davis Breckenridge 13
WINTER NIGHT
Otto Freund 13
THE BALSAM FIR
Marie d'Autremont Gerry 14
WINTERBLOOM
Montague Gammon 14
THREE PINE TREES
Mary Elizabeth Dean 15
STOICS
Anne Robinson 15
THE TREE THAT RESISTED
Alfred T. Hind 16
SPRUCES
Frank E. Palmer 16
FANTASY
Grace Woodward Howard 16
WINTER PALACE
Edwin Carlile Litsey 17
DAWN
William Allen Ward 17
SNOW IN FLANDERS
Essie M. Carmichael 18
LOVELY SLEEEPER
Adelaide Love 18
LIVING MONUMENTS
Laura Bailey Cumming 18
NEW MUSIC
Cora Paxton Stewart 19
LEGACY
Cora Paxton Stewart 19
CALENDAR
Anna M. Priestley 20
CARDINAL IN WINTER
Willson Osborne 21
WE OF THE HILLS
Willodene Cranford 22
THE ROAD TO TOWN
Katherine E. Linck 23
LENGTHENING SHADOW
L. Dale Ahern 24
VARIANT
Anne Robinson 24
SAHUAROS
Arthur Truman Merrill 25
HILLS OF HOME
Lois Snelling 25
VIOLIN
Mary Louise Dewson 26
CHARITY
Will D. Muse 26
STAR-DRIFTAGE
Myrtle Adams 27
SAMPLER
Gladys McDow Hibbett 27
MANIFESTO
Rosa Zagnoni Martinoni 28
SUNSET AFTER SNOW
Mary Coles Carrington 28
HOUR OF LOVE
Claire Aven Thomson 29
SOLACE
Ida Elaine James 29
A NEED FOR SONG
Phyllis Trullinger 30
A TEMPEST BLOWS
Affa Wood Hubbell 30

(Continued on Inside Front Cover)

The Editor's Salon

Three years ago when I was editing VERSECRAFT, my "Log Book," for January-February (1932) consisted of a discussion of poetic and unpoetic themes. In response to a number of generous and highly appreciated requests that article is here reproduced, as follows:

Are there poetic and unpoetic themes? Which is more poetic, a rosebud or a rusty nail?

A great many poems have been written on roses, violets, daffodils, and even grass; but who has seen a poem on turnip greens, collards, pork chops, or even pound cake?

Many poems have been written on old clocks, rocking chairs, fireplaces, windows and doors; but who has ever seen a poem on a cooking stove, a stew-kettle, waffle-irons, or an egg-beater?

Poems have been written on vases, urns, and violins; but who has seen a poem on a garbage-can, a dishrag, or a kitchen sink?

Some people claim that there is as much poetry in one thing as there is in another. This may be true, but it is hard to understand or believe. Butter, for example, doesn't sound very poetic, but it is certainly more so than lard; and lard isn't so bad as soap-grease.

It is true that Thomas Carlyle finds potential power in a leaf rotting by the wayside; but this potential power is poetic only to the extent that it appeals to the emotions.

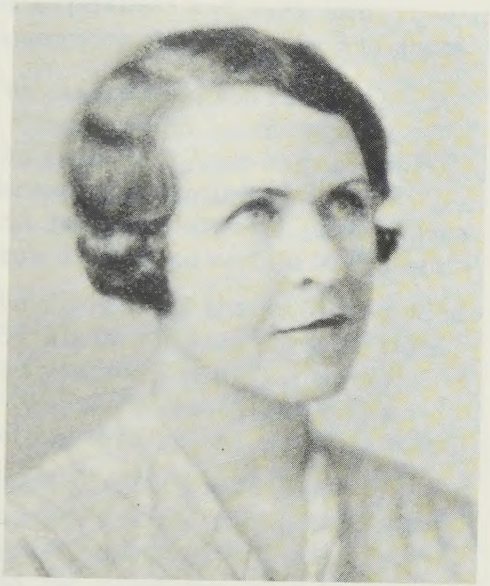
Poetry is supposed to deal with the more beautiful things in this world, and with emotions rather than appetites.

Once upon a time I suggested to a class of young men that they hunt through the library and bring to class any poems they could find on something to eat. One youngster brought in a jingle:

"Oh, you have to be a lover of the landlady's daughter,
If you want to get the second piece of pie."

To one of the young men in the class—Jimmie Henley, of Tennessee—I suggested, "Jimmie, since you do not seem

(Continued on Page Thirty-Nine)



LIDA WILSON TURNER

GEORGIA

Author of FLAGSTONES AND FLOWERS

A Canticle of the Sea

Who lives by water a circling year,
With eyes that see and ears that hear,
Will learn a wide-horizon store
Of bittersweet and salty lore
Concerning sky and wave and shore.

You cannot rust, you cannot be
A coward spirit by the sea!
The fears that loom eternal, fail
Beneath the slanting of a sail,
And faltering love and faith undone
Grow strong and certain in the sun.

The challenge of the waves and wind
Will kindle all your darkling mind,
And you will lift awakened eyes
To watch the constellations rise,
Soaring through the sea-black skies!

I have watched until I know
How the ordered star-streams flow:
Capella comes and Pleiades,
And red Aldebaran after these,
Ringed by the rainy Hyades.

When Procyon peers above the sea
In golden-eyed serenity,
I know—by heavens' geometry—
That Sirius in supernal light
Will follow through the wave-loud night.

It is one thing to see a star,
Pale, where city arclights are,
And like the night on other earth
To watch a consellation's birth,
—Born like Venus out of the sea,
Star by star in its majesty—
Till the whole risen group will shine
In the damp sands at low tide-line.

Once I saw Orion so,
Every star a fiery glow
Reflected in the wave-wet beach—
A constellation within reach!
Its twofold glory filled the night:
I sooped down and touched its light,
And felt—oh, unforgettable grasp—
I held a star within my clasp!

Here, in the sea's eternal time,
I need no tower with clock and chime
To mark the seasons' rhythmic rime.
When the long waves ebb out, I know
In what hours the tide will flow
Back again to the flowering dune,
Drawn by precision of the moon.

When the sea-turtles swim to land
To lay their eggs in the warm sand;
When the Scorpion burns with a fiery light,
I know it is summer and near midnight.
I know when autum waves recede
That phosphorus glows in the seaweed,
And if you walk where the tide trod,
Your steps are fire, like the steps of a god!

I have learned that winter strands
Myriad starfish on the sands;
And migrant arrows of the birds,
Flying north, are runic words
That cry, "Oh, watcher by the sea,
The spring returns triumphantly;
The Ram that wears the Golden Fleece
Is bringing back the year's release—
Aries bring April back
Through the starry Zodiac!"

I have known the naked flail
Of the loosed and lashing gale—
Palms uprooted and the dunes
Leveled under darkened moons!

I have seen sea-murder done
Underneath a bloody sun,
Heard the combers roar and fall,
Crunching down a jetty-wall—
And then within a sudden space,
Have seen the rainbow's arch of grace
And peace upon the ocean's face!

Who lives by water, year on year,
With watchful eye and open ear,
Will mark and learn a pregnant store
Of bittersweet and salty lore
Concerning star and sea and shore.

FLORIDA —AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

The Old Sea Captain

Staunch as a chimney of stone he stands,
Breathing the cold salt air— his hands
Tight on the wheel—his spray-filled eyes
Searching the flashing, thundering skies.

Staunch as a moutain of stone his ship
Rides the fierce waves that curl and dip—
Death in their wake, the Captain knows,
But he sees only a crimson rose
Opening on a white-washed wall
And star-eyed jasmine where sunbeams fall
In his little green garden at home.

The wind like a howling monster leaps
Head-on, while a maddening terror creeps
Into the hearts of the Captain's crew—
But he sees, out in the wind, the blue,
Sweet-scented blooms that nestle low
In his little geen garden at home.

Never a snow-ridden storm at night
Whirls the sea's furious billows of white
Against his strong ship, but he bravely stands
Gripping the wheel with his knotted hands
Feeling no fear, for his eyes are far,

Soft with the light of a silver star,—
And the snow hurtling by to the sea
Brings thoughts of a lovely white lilac-tree
In his little green garden at home.

FLORIDA —REBA MAXWELL AVERY

Old Sea Lovers

Lovers of ocean were Beowulf's kinsmen
Weltering waves were their challenge and pride.
Over the surges rode these sea rovers
Loving the water-street, loving the tide,
Floated there never a comelier seacraft
Than Beowulf's bark with the twisted prow,
Sang there never more gallant seamen
Than sang in Beowulf's sea-wood bow—
Hearth companions, they took the ship's bosom,
Seas encircling the windy land walls,
Bravely launched their foamy necked floater
Giving their bark to the surge's thralls.
Staunchly the wave-walker passed over whale-paths
Or rocked as a bird on the swan-road's calm
Clinging in stress to the back of the ocean
Gliding at night through fire without qualm.
Sea dragons sprawled in the path of their going
Nickers leaped out from floating debris
Fearless they strove over threatening billows
Pulsing with life on a challenging sea.

TEXAS —FRANCES ALEXANDER

Anticipation

The dappled clouds of dawn are bright
Before the paling night is dead;
On February hills, still white
With snow, a crocus lifts its head.

And when I think that we shall meet
As often heretofore, there rise,
As dawn's, unutterably sweet,
The lights of your blue windflower eyes.

OREGON —OTTO FREUND

One for the Sea

Vast sea, with rhythmic cadences of song
Sing true, sing strong!
Mysterious your world, moon-leashed yet free,
And wind-tossed to a silver symmetry,
Like lifted lines on brows in inquiry.

You are like sleep, great sea, another world,
Lightless . . . . light-pearled!
The life you hold is intricate and queer
As thought that rushes like a pioneer,
Beyond the depths where human eyes may peer.

You were before the measured steps of Time
Sublime . . . . sublime!
Yet you are moody as a lover's breast,
Now holding stars, now wild at the behest
Of vagrant winds incessant with unrest.

Inscrutable you, yet with you I hold
Kinship . . . . infold
In my heart the unrest of your lashing wave,
And the moon is my master; I, too, am a slave . . .
Too deep, much too deep, lies the peace of the grave..

ALABAMA —MARY B. WARD

Only the Wind is Wise

Only the wind is wise,—
The wind who comes and goes,
Heeding neither bitter nor sweet,—
Thorn-bush, willow, nor rose.

Nothing may tie his feet,
Through deep night, noon-tide, morn,
Nothing to stay him for one hour,—
Willow, rose, nor thorn.

Nothing he stops to claim,
Nothing for which he sighs,—
Only the wind is free;
Only the wind is wise.

TEXAS —CHARLENE UNDERWOOD

Sea Ways

With shining breast and wings that lie
The far sea-paths of ocean reach
Where brine-pools cool a burnished beach,
    And blythe sand-pipers trip their way
Unmindful of the tern's sharp screech.
    The fishing fleets at port o'day
With salt gill-nets flung out to bleach,
Sail for the catch of Triton spawn
To weight their hulls as night comes on.
There is a sea where no tides run,
Beloved of hills and winds and sun,

    Made of the furrowed fields and rain
That tells of humble conquest won.
    It is the green sweep of the plain
With billows of unripened grain,
Where fragrance of a sudden breeze
Wafts in from white-tossed almond trees.

Across a sea great condors fly
With shining breast and wings that lie
    Athwart the blue where idly drift
The madder sails of junks that ply
    Their slow way through some vapor-rift
Adown the redlands of the sky,
Where one by one the condors wheel
Piercing the clouds with beaks of steel.

    And may no shell-storm thunder down
    To ravage port or field or town!

CALIFORNIA —RENA SHEFFIELD

Age

To-day while sweeping
Fallen leaves from the sidewalk
Two young lovers passed;
The leaves rattled mockingly—
Suddenly I felt quite old.

INDIANA —MARGARET E. BRUNER

The Sea

PRELUDE

Two people sat upon the sand
And watched the green waves rise
And fall onto the land.
The shadow of the skies
Lay silent on the sea—
And white gulls dived into the waves and rose impatiently.

DEVOTION

The moon passed slowly through the sky,
And as the warm winds blew the dry brown sand,
One silhouetted figure asked, "Do you not know that I
Adore you—here—tonight?" The other only touched his hand
Lay silent on the sea
The green waves rose and fell continually.

POSTLUDE

And as they sat and watched the ships
Pass slowly through the night,
One held the fingers of the other to his lips.
The white
Gulls swerved and dived into the sea
And boats passed by occasionally!

TENNESSEE —VIRGINIA DOSS

Hilltop Poplars

These poplars on the hill's thin ridge
Agaist the empty vista of the sky:
These poplars are a picket fence
Along which, when night darkens down
In sombre peace, mischievous winds
Rattle elastic staves, each wind a boy
Suddenly lonely on a midnight road,
Making some brittle sounds for company.

NEW JERSEY —CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

Sea Madness

I thought I should find peace, that having had
Adventure, I should find the quiet walls
Of this sweet room a gentle biding place.
But, inland, I still hear the throaty calls
Of foghorns, and I feel the pulsing boards
Beneath my heart. No sirens ever led
Sailors to rocks more surely than the sea
Entices me to sail its foamy bed.

The grey, salt waves still surge within my blood,
Submerging by their wild, incessant lips
My cool integrity, until I rise
Half-crazed by this impassioned love of ships.
About me stretches land inviolate
And sturdy houses in the valley hover
In friendliness. Yet they can ill appease
A heart which wants a ship's mast high above her.

MICHIGAN —RUTH GENEVIEVE VAN HORNE

Economy

I hoard the winged minutes of the day
That fly across the morning's silver hours.
It seems that life so greedily devours
Our time; the seconds vanish, sad and gay.
Yet busy hands and hearts fell no dismay,
At least the moments that we use are ours,
Forever safely minted, stored away.

Perhaps these seeds of time we gather now
And plant with love and laughter in the earth
May later prove the measure of their worth.
And even now what joy to hold the plow.
No labor done with love is ever lost,
We do not hope for harvest till the frost.

GEORGIA —CONSTANCE DEMING LEWIS

On Seeing the Marshes of Glynn Fifty Years after Sidney Lanier Wrote of Them

Marshes of Glynn, how long you have held the poet's own look,
How green the green oaks and vines in the thick of the passes,
How unchanged the gleam of the waters threading your grasses;
How kept you so long the wonder, the silence, remoteness
Of your own, own life where the brook
Ends in the flow of the tide
And the wood
Stands still at the edge of the wide, wide
Plain that should
Mark where sea and where land may meet but not mingle
Though there looms yet one tree rearing its single
Trunk to the sky with twisted branch bending to earth
As though tortured with pain of its birth?

Keep them O Marshes, your silence, your wonder, remoteness,
Keep courage to lend in your glory of stillness and vastness,
Of colors ineffable, melting, alluring, consoling,
In solitude making your winding and widening fastness
Where willing you wait for Time's unhurried controlling.
Blest Marshes of Glynn, ever beautiful, comforting—ageless!

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD

Cache

Now, my unburdened heart, rejoice,
For in this virgin place
Which has not heard a human voice
Nor seen a human face,
I lay these secrets in deep sod,
Knowing forevermore
They will be safe, where none but God
Has ever trod before!

NEW HAMPSHIRE —FRANK E. PALMER

Build Me a Tree

I

Build me a tree! My eyes are tired . . . . .
Blurred with cement and needled spired
Towers and warrens...hutch and den,
Tier upon tier; all filled with men
Coppered with sweat, unkempt and soiled
Covered with grime, where they have toiled
Grooved in the mesh of cogs and gears
Harnessed to lathes and drills and shears—
Bound to the wheels! The vast machine
Grinds down their souls . . . . . Let them be clean,
Healed from the scald of labor's yoke—
Cleansed from the stench and belch of smoke
Spewed from a foundry, fouling skies.....
Barring the sun from weary eyes.

II

Build me a tree! Resilient . . . . . .
Mystical symbol, heaven spent
Arches of beauty. Sprung delight
Ichored with sap to give it might;
Then let it flourish, bud and swell
Wrought to great music! Plant it well
Anchored to earth and rooted deep—
Cabled and clawed, to sway and sweep
Plenteous branches, bend and form,
Tempered to thunder, gale and storm . . . . .
Forkéd and crotched for birds in spring;
Bless it with sunlight—let it swing
Cadenced to hope! Give the command—
Call on the gods to guide your hand;
Build with a vision.....Build inspired—
Build me a tree! My soul is tired—

MICHIGAN —MURIEL JEFFRIES HURD

Redwood

They keep their watch in silent majesty
While centuries parading come and go,
Holding secret all the pageantry
Of years these giants are allowed to know;
Eret and strong they meet earth's changing mood
And stoically the fire and storm ignore,
Life's span for them is but an interlude
To link the generations gone before.
From out their depths of pillared stateliness
Is borne a thought of music, softly played,
And peace falls on the heart in sweet caress
As though, quite near an angel, one had played,
For might and brooding tenderness suffuse
The place of redwood trees by Santa Cruz.

ILLINOIS —NAN DAVIS BRECKENRIDGE

Winter Night

The solemn hemlocks swing and creak,
Storm-laden, as if all the woe
Of mankind tortured them to speak,
But they could only answer so
Forlorn and moaning in the bleak
December-stricken world of snow.

The stars look down more mute than they,
In intervals of calm, and steer
Their silent courses; once, they say,
They choired preludes men could hear,
But now their music, if they play,
Is like the hemlocks', toneless, drear.

Oh! stars and trees, I try to spell
Your hieroglyphs again, the vast
Harmonics of the storm—to tell
Your saga in the tempest-tossed
Wood-dirges—but the miracle
Eludes my song, forever lost.

OREGON —OTTO FREUND

The Balsam Fir

Like a steeple, like a spire,
Like a tower of desire,
Quiet sentinel on duty
Riveted in tapering beauty,
Pointing to an ever higher
Star to which your dreams aspire,
You never sleep nor ever fade,
You don a crstal masquerade,
In Spring wear tips of emerald fir
That make you all the lovelier.

I love you as the birds that nest
Within your warm and fragrant breast,
I love you as the wind that tones
Her wistful secret to your cones,
But dearly I adore you when
The breath of summer comes again
To stir the aromatic spice
That is my earthly paradise:
For close upon your perfumed fingers
My childhood's ring of memory lingers. . .

And O I would forever tarry
Within your honeyed santuary.

MINNESOTA —MARIE D'AUTREMONT GERRY

Wintersbloom

The hedges now are flowering white,
With frozen blooms of snow.
The barren trees point pallid arms
Along the way I go.

The shrubbery's bloom, the winter trees
Would be the springtime's prophecy
Along the lone, moon-whitened way
If you but walked with me.

GEORGIA —MONTAGUE GAMMON

Three Pine Trees

I love three Pine Trees limned against the sky,
Three trees that grow in stairstep fashion nigh
To God—three trees whose roots sink deep in gray,
Hard sand. I love the stately, juanty way
They meet the years—their heads held proudly high
Awaiting splashing rain, the winds' wild cry.
I envy three tall Pine Trees when they sway
Among the heavens on a cloudy day.

Just three tall Pine Trees sunken deep in sod
That stretch their branches through the clouds to God.
Ah, would that man could in such reverence bow,
And send to God above his daily vow,
As three tall Pines outlined against the west!
Do men or Pine Trees love their God the best?

FLORIDA —MARY ELIZABETH DEAN

Stoics

When old trees stand
  Shoulder to shoulder,
Gnarled and staunch
  As their brother boulder,

The moon creeps up
  To stipple a name
Across their boughs
  In a silken flame.

But the old trees stand
  Surprisingly still,
With strong roots throbbing
  Deep in the hill.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —ANNE ROBINSON

The Tree That Resisted

On the brow of the mountain it stands,
All gnarled and twisted.
A hundred winters and more
Are stored in the trunk that resisted
The wrench of the wind as it whirled
And screamed through the forest;
That resisted the ice and the snow
As it stood on the brow of the mountain.
And a fineness of wood is now found
In the tree that was tortured;
For the strength of the storm is stored up
In the tree that resisted.

GEORGIA —ALFRED T. HIND

Spruces

Like spinsters in their sweeping skirts,
The bashful spruces glance askew
At trees that brazenly display
Their ankles to the silvan view.

But when at times they loose their stays
To tango with a roguish breeze,—
They fling decorum to the winds
And carry on like ruder trees.

NEW HAMPSHIRE —FRANK E. PALMER

Fantasy

Spring is a dryad, daintily clad,
Summer is promise fulfilled,
Autumn—a suntanned maker of wine,
The vintage from flowers distilled;
Winter, a rider upon a white steed,
Galloping by at topmost speed!

GEORGIA —GRACE WOODWARD HOWARD

Winter Palace

The ancient forest, smitten with the cold,
Lay bare and bleak, a flock without a fold.
The dark night came, and, covered by its cloak
The icy legions of the north awoke,
And on the trees, defenseless, marched in might,
And wrought with eerie, fairy fingers light.
With searching, tapping touch the rain came first
And on the moaning wood in fury burst.
Swift on its footsteps rushed the nimble hail,
Which worked and hammered with its missiles pale.
Then came fine-sifted snow, pure lace-work laid
Upon the glory which the rest had made:
And then moon-dawn. Throughout the ancient wood
In streams of silver ran a wonderous flood.
And where the trees had been, all stripped and shorn,
Behold, a gleaming palace has been born!
Vast chambers hung with arras multifold
And starred with rich designs of pearl and gold.
Tall peaks and spires which glitter with a sheen
That rivals in its splendor garb of green.
Long corridors whose floors are paved with gems
Which might have dropped from crowns of seraphims.
Rare fresco work of jasper, onyx, brass,
With topaz tints where changing facets mass.
Like pagan court bedecked with jewels fine,
From whence have passed the courtiers, song and wine;
Majestic, marvelous, the palace stands,
Triumphant work of art not made by hands.

KENTUCKY —EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Dawn

Dawn is a maiden
Who walks across the skies
Turning out the drowsy stars.

TEXAS —WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

Snow in Flanders

In that far-off Eastern manger
Where the Baby Jesus lay,
Mary pulled the blankets closer
To keep the cold away.

Softly moving through the darkness,
Is it she who braves
The loneliness of cross-scarred Flanders
To spread the snow on graves?

GEORGIA —ESSIE M. CARMICHAEL

Lovely Sleeper

A lovelier Brunhilde sleeps, engirt
With sharp enchanted swords of ice that raise
Their frigid blades against the knight who dares
Draw near her as she dreams through hushed white days.

Yet one shall come whose shield of fire shall melt
The glacial guardians of her slumbering
And he shall lean and kiss the lips of earth
Who softly waken to her Seigfried spring!

ILLINOIS —ADELAIDE LOVE

Living Monuments

I like to think when I plant a tree,
That tired eyes will be glad to see,
A bit of shade.

I like to think of a child at play,
Beneath its spread on a summer's day,
In a green glade.

Then visualize its strength of trunk and limb,
A miracle and monument to Him,
My tribute paid.

GEORGIA —LAURA BAILEY CUMMING

New Music

So long have I been silent . . . wondering
If there were any song that I might sing. . .

The seasons came and went their ancient way,
And many a starry night gave way to day;

The spheres sang their majestic songs in space,—
With sacred music hallowed Dawn's pale face;

But Time thus far had wrought no miracle
That could inspire one accent lyrical;

Love's hand had turned no water into wine,—
The vineyard languished still, a withered vine;

Then suddenly out of the night you came
And aureoled life's darkened ways with flame:

I take the lyre now, sure and unafraid—
Knowing at last how deathless songs are made.

GEORGIA —CORA PAXTON STEWART

Legacy

How shall I sing of you who have so long
Known only fragments of a little song,—

Then rather let me leave to Nature's lyre
The song that echoes forth my heart's desire:

Let pines, their harps attuned to every breeze
That wakes to music woodland ecstacies,

Tell to the ancient hills in some blest hour
How with your coming, beauty sprang to flower;

While reeds, stirred by the marshland's mystery,
Whisper your name in all their minstrelsy;

And every pipe that plays, and April's wings
Shall lift your name above the pomp of kings.

To these I leave the wonder-song to keep
For Earth's eternal harp when I shall sleep.

GEORGIA —CORA PAXTON STEWART

Calendar

MAGNIFICAT.

Like the moon magnet, Spring attracts life's tide,
Starts vital currents mounting in each tree,
Rouses the slumbering brook and sets it free,
And is the homing bird's unerring guide.
The Earth is clothed in robes of palest green
And on her pulsing bosom hangs a chain
Of silver, strung with crystal beads of rain,
Her face looks through a veil of misty sheen.
As yet, no shadow of the waiting tomb
Lies on the new exultancy of Earth,
The seeds of life stir in her teeming womb,
Preparing for the miracle of birth—
No room remains for fear or doubt when Spring
Chants the Magnificat, while censers swing.

NATIVITY

The Earth has bared her bosom to the sun
And lifted thirsty lips to drink the rain;
Now swells the life that at her heart has lain,
The time of her fruition has begun;
And, when her time of waiting shall be done,
She will complete the immemorial chain—
Seedtime and harvest, then the seed again—
So is the struggle for existence won.
Nature and man the ancient law obey,
The same eternal purpose to fulfill,
Like still produces like in the old way,
And the old truths are universal still—
The seasons fleet no faster than man's breath,
And Life receives its sustenance from Death.

QUIESSENCE

The fires of Autumn smoulder on the hill,
Across the valley, purple banners float,
The song is muted in each feathered throat;
The Earth, her travail done, lies spent and still,
Submissively attuned to Nature's will.

The symphony that Summer lately wrote
Is vibrant, now, upon a minor note
To which the strings, in perfect concord, thrill.
The even rhythm of my quiet days
Flows, undisturbed by torturing unrest;
My rebel heart, at last, Life's law obeys
And in obedience is truly blest.
Strange, though I know the peace that Fall can bring,
That I should miss the madness that is Spring!

REQUIEM

The world is one vast, granite sepulcher,
The fields are wrapped in winding sheets of white;
Winter is king and Earth has owned his might.
No bird rejoices and no blossoms stir;
Wood trails are silenced under fallen leaves;
The trees, like fleshless skeletons, arise,
Tossing their anguished arms to leaden skies,
The wind chants requiems or softly grieves.
Life has not ceased within this barren ground,
It only sleeps and waits the hour when Spring
Shall roll the stone away from each cold mound
And teach a winter-weary world to sing.
That Death should seem to conquer for a time
Makes resurrection all the more sublime.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —ANNA M. PRIESTLEY

Cardinal in Winter

Out of the white arabesque
Of snow on hawthorne branches,
The cardinal makes his wayward flight—
Upward among the leafless pale green poplars,
Upward through the blue mists,
And clutches a curved spruce bough
In the first rays of sun that dart
Fiercely over a haggard range
Of hills.

MICHIGAN —WILLSON OSBORNE

We of The Hills

We of the hills can never be
Vassals to serenity,
For we have lifted up our gaze
And seen the purple twilight haze
Drift on the sequenced tree-topped rows
Of hill heights. And the high wind blows
A secret summons to our kind,
For we must battle, we must bind
Insurgent storm and drought and cold;
Our charge is mad and wild and bold
Against the sallow sloping land.
We gird with grimness, take our stand,
Assault each day with patient toil
And smile in solemn joy to foil
Our ancient avid enemies
Of pain and death.
But starkness flees
Before our sudden hill-land Spring,
Though we know well a lovely thing
Is just a transient ecstacy,
An alien to reality.

We of the hills on summer nights
Have seen the far unrhythmic lights
Of Something which we know to be
A part of God's own mystery....

And Autumn's prodigal release
Of hoarded gold has brought us peace
Though spendthrift color's mounting blaze
Prologues the ash of grayer days.

The winter is no armistice,
An icy crystal-sheathed abyss;
But flecked through snow's kaleidoscope
Is bright chiaroscure of hope....

No matter if we live for years
In lowlands, where a blue hill rears
It's bulwark you may watch and see
Our lifted gaze of agony.

ALABAMA —WILLODINE CRANFORD

The Road to Town

Oh, the road to town is a crowded road,
And a motley throng goes there,
Each one bearing some sort of a load
Through the dust and the noontide glare.
They all mark time to the beat of their thought,
And their pace is quick or slow
As they find the way all wonder-fraught,
Or dull with the drab of woe.

There are some who smile as they lift their eyes
To the town at the top of the hill,
And every turn holds a glad surprise,
And they swing along with a will.
And some plod on with a step that is slow,
With their shoulders bent and bowed;
And some shrink timidly as they go,
And some walk straight and proud.

But all must travel that road to town,
Let them take it as they will;
And it's sometimes up and it's sometimes down,
But it always leads to the hill
Where the town lies fair at the far road's end,
And there's rest at last for all,
Where the peaceful sounds of evening blend
And the long, long shadows fall.

CALIFORNIA —KATHERINE E. LINCK

Lengthening Shadow

Not that I fear the shadow lengthening
Across the western stretch of trackless plain,
But that the morning find me still asleep,
With fields weed-grown and hands too satisfied.
Let death not overtake me at the plow
With virgin prairie sweeping to the sky,
Nor blot me from a country which, explored,
Shows no unbroken land and no wild hills,
But may new meadows always bloom ahead
While hand and brain are plundering behind.
I want the tang of spring-drenched prairie sod,
And when the robes of darkness cover me
Let golden lanterns of the waxing dusk
Throw slender beams across sleek-furrowed ground.

IOWA L. ALLEN AHERN

Variant

A word may seem indifferently harsh,
Yet prove the crystal medium I need
To paint a muskrat-haunted, sullen marsh,
Where autocratic waters write their screed.
No singing grace notes will inspire the lip
Intent to sound re-echoed vocallings
Of throaty frogs; the rhythmic slush and drip
A neaptide at its turning, slowly swings.

With life itself our words must quickly shade
From Ophir gold to rush-like bronze and green,
That song may pierce a sun's bright ambuscade,
Or sonnetize where wild marsh grasses lean,
Narcissus-wise, above a pool whose play
On varried tones, word colorings portray.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —ANNE ROBINSON

Sahuaros

The view that presses on this weathered hut
In desert sand and space and desert sky,—
Mile on mile of singing alkali,
Blue mile on mile of torrid sky and rut
And crevasse of volcanic floe and jut
Of klinkered rock; in armoured panoply
Gigantic sahuaros dignify
A land whose bladed pigment stab and cut,

A desert land of tooth and fang and claw,
A desert land of spike and spine and spur,
—Beauty's savagery of protective law—;
Though awe-struck when he sees these things concur
Man is constrained to rectify the land,
To blind the stream and subjugate the sand.

L'envoi.

Where armoured, writhing, weird and wry,
Contorted cactus flaunts its rubric dye,
Gigantic sahuaros glorify
Miles of white alkali and torrid sky.

CALIFORNIA —ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

Hills of Home

They told me I would soon forget
The old gray hills of home.
'The praries bear a lotus flower;
Who eats will never roam."
They told me this, and long I tried
To find the blossom that should guide
My soul to rest content where wide
Plains reach. These years my heart has cried
For those proud Ozark hills where roam
My memories, back home!

ARKANSAS —LOIS SNELLING

Violin

It thrills across my heart strings, bringing rapture that is pain,
A symphony of midnight bells, and flower scent, and rain.
Old memories, long-buried, break their graves and stir at last;
Forgotten dreams come winging down the gardens of the past,
It sweeps the labyrinth of my heart like wind through curving lanes,
And all the walls that time has built are shattered at its strains.
Through the fallen corridors, the music sways, and hark,
In answer, lo, my very soul is crying in the dark.

GEORGIA —MARY LOUISE DEWSON

Charity

You are, Dear Heart, Sweet Charity.
You have walked softly
Through the long, deserted corridors
Of my desolate soul,
And made it echo with the
Wordless music of the stars.

You have lighted the cloister-candles

Of hope in the windows of life
Until I can see the azure dawn
Of a new day of happiness.

Your dear, caressing hands
Have opened the alabaster-box of
Joy, and have touched with
Their wonderful, healing magic,
These tired eyes
That have, for so long, gazed
Hopelessly, out over the fields of God.

FLORIDA —WILL D. MUSE

Star-Driftage

Be kind to me, night! Bury me deep
In driftage of stars and blankets of sleep.

Night, hold me close, and cover me over
With wilding rose and the honey clover.

Slit then my darkness to let me know
Feathers of pine-song drifting low.

Lighten my wisdom to understand
Trickle of moonlight over my hand.

Make me aware of the passion of dusk,
Mist-born odors and wind-borne musk—

Love that is bold, and love that cowers
In the scarlet heart of the moon-white flowers,—

Anguish and sulky laughter thrown
To the wanton winds by a petal blown.

Clarify vision to life and death,
Sweeter than honeyed hyacinth breath.

Open my heart that I may hear
The age-old song of the tender year.

Night, be my mentor! Night, make me care!
Fashion my murmurings into a prayer!

MICHIGAN —MYRTLE ADAMS

Sampler

The wind and rain together drew
A cross-stitch pattern upon my screen
Which the sun beholding tried to scan....
Then tucked a message in between.

Through the sampler's tones of dingy grey
The sunlight's glowing colors led
To where .. within a rainbow pool ....
An opal bow of promise spread!

TENNESSEE —GLADYS McDOW HIBBETT

Manifesto

Look not for me where Love and Beauty are,
After I leave this human chrysalis.
Little there'll be in vanity I'll miss,
When Time has swung his mighty scimitar!
Look not for me where dial and compass mark
The way to islands jutting from the sea,
For well I know how cruel it is to be
A little candle burning in the dark .

But if some mellow night, a sudden storm,
Comes crashing through the canopy of leaves,
To bring the quick bombardment of the rain.
Oh, listen closely for my voice again,
As little mother-sparrows chirp and swarm,
In search of shattered nests along the eaves.

ARKANSAS —ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

Sunset After Snow

The snow has ceased: the bushes seem to stir
Resentfully beneath unwonted weight—
See yonder, by the battlemented gate,
The stubborn spirals of my juniper!
All the accustomed symmetries that were
Fashioned to stand in sculptured lines sedate
Swirl in fantastic forms; a Puckish fate
Must rule the wind, that bold adventurer.
Fairy pavillions charm my willing fancy,
Glittering elves surround me in a crowd,
Summoned by far, forgotten necromancy;
And dazzled eyes, entranced by Nature's fun,
Behold, under the hard, gray lines of cloud,
A sudden promise of tomorrow's sun.

VIRGINIA —MARY COLES CARRINGTON

Hour of Love

When intricate designs of shadow lace
Are traced in pencil where the grasses blow,
When hushed to silver is the rhythmic flow
Of woodland music for a given space,
And to the trees a disk of moon is flung,
And there is restlessness upon each flower
For this, the looked for, the appointed hour,
Love is a threnody of words unsung.

O who is there to sing the loveliness
Of this, the holy? Words are harsh and cold
To clothe so much of beauty, fold on fold;
So shall the splendor of the moon's caress,
And the low cadence of the wind ploughed under
Be fitting mouthpiece for the heart's wild thunder!

CALIFORNIA —CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

Solace

I pause within tall portals, slim and straight,
As one who lingers in a vestibule
Of long, long corridors, before I sate
My being with the dim and sweetly cool,
Fair beauty promised me within the great,
Green vistas of the forest. Is there one
Who dares to drop upon these leaves and prate
Of Self's abandoned hopes, of life's work done?

I lean my ear on stems that sweetly bend
To my tired cheek, whereunder insects lie
No less encumbered in their silent crypt than I,
And loose my stifled, harrowed soul and blend
My psalm with lullabies of birds and flowers....
Sweet rite that cleanses me from wasted hours.

MARYLAND —IDA ELAINE JAMES

A Need for Song

There is no doubt when harvest time is near,
And you have husked the last ears from their coats,
We'll find you with your flute, shrill toned and clear,
Leaning against a bin of late-threshed oats.
Or to the laden orchard you might stray
And pipe to creaking carts of purple plums,
Or walk through garden rows at the end of day,
Blending your song with small cicada drums.
Sometimes you walk along the dove cote rail,
Piping not praise but calm content of soul,
And there until the sunset colors pale,
The sleeping groves wake as the echoes roll.

All through the year your singing pipes are mute;
But in the harvest time, you need your flute.

MINNESOTA —PHYLLIS TRULLINGER

A Tempest Blows

A tempest blows, and on the boundless coast
A cruel sky weighs down, the hue of lead,
Where gray wings of the storm-tossed petrel spread
And flit through wild commotions like a ghost.
Whirlwinds of gale-spun sand in dizzy flight
To pale horizons, where all seems unreal,
Shrill o'er the dunes in eerie, mad appeal
From wrath of winds and reef-pierced shipwreck's plight.
The trembling reeds are livid through the mist,
And where the murky fog rolls from the sea,
Leap, howl, and break the spuming waves, storm-kissed
And in this vast lament of agony,
We feel the bitterness of love dismissed,
Of farewell kisses chilled by winter's glee.

FLORIDA —AFFA WOOD HUBBELL

Castle Perilous

Many's the time when the wind blows chill
And the dull, dark clouds float by,
I have dreamed of a wood where a castle stood,
Near a mountain, bleak and high.

I have watched in my dreams the snow-white steed.
And the rider in green and gold;
I have seen the moat with its one lone boat,
I have heard what the wise man told.

Forever and ever the knight is doomed
To ride on the cobbled turf,
And the wise man said that the knight is fed
By the castle's lowliest serf.

And many's the time I have watched the two,
The steed and his rider grim,
I have seen their eyes scan the dull, dark skies,
Then turn to the mountain rim.

And who is this knight in the green and gold,
And what of the strange, high wall,
And the ghastly moat with its one lone boat,
And the wise man, spare and tall?

And is it a real or a phantom wind
That I feel blow keen and cold?
But I shall not say though you ask all day,
Nor tell all the wise man told.

ILLINOIS —HELEN CARSON JENSSEN

Bethel

In the desert I find a bethel.
Night-wind and whispering sand
Weave a monotone of peace,
And yuccas ivory candles
Burn white prayers in the hush
Of blue-cathedralled night.

FLORIDA —MARY FERRELL DICKINSON

Faith

When silver harps of leaves tuned with the wind
Are softly playing in woodland symphonies;
When trembling songs and chords become enshrined
In measured bars of sweetest melodies,
The hazy afterglow and blue twilight
Will intermingle with the wild-wood throng.
When birds have caroled day into the night
The echoes in my heart record a song.
The organ notes of wooded hills will swell
And die when shadows fold their arms to rest.
The mysteries of light and sound foretell
The world that God rides on the mountain crest.
Then faith will anchor beauty in my soul,
And I shall see life's gleaming aureole.

SOUTH DAKOTA —HILDEGARDE FRIED DREPS

Fragment

Clumsy fingers fumble
The sober thread
In wistful stitches—dreaming
It gold, instead.

Weaving, unaccustomed,
A quiet cloak;
Lest some radiance dazzle
Trusting folk.

I shall wear it gaily
That no one guess
How ill it warms the cold of
My loneliness.

Close-wrapped, to hide my stumbling
Down the years,
I shall go, flaunting laughter—
Blind with tears.

NEW YORK —ELIZABETH STAPLETON STOKES

Nor The Tongues of Men

He had a vision once that moved him so
He longed to share his joy with men. One day
He took live words and with this stuff a-glow
Wrought him a structure hoping to convey
Through this device the truth that touched his heart
But words are earthy things. Some cannot see
Beyond them, nor through little gaps that part
Them in designs. Here came discovery—
The finished work was nothing but a wall
Between his vision and the eyes of men.
Still passersby could sense the love and all
The tender effort patterned there, and when
They paused, held by a vivid hue, some fine
Blithe note, words nicely fitted, rhyme to rhyme,
Then he was glad, but, oh, the thrill divine
That shook him when the more alert would climb
This wall and looking over catch with awe
Glimpses of beauty that the poet saw.

NEW YORK —ETHEL KING

To Him Who Stints Words

When I shall go away, it may be spring,
And this request be granted me:
That you shall utter heart-endearment then,
Unshackled, free.

I hope to hear the lovely words you speak
Though I am held by stone and clay,
I would not miss what I have waited long
For you to say.

And I shall answer you. A clean spring wind,
Blue flash of migratory birds,
And coral dripping from beneath wild-crab
Shall be my words.

INDIANA —ROSE MYRA PHILLIPS

Time Heals—

For this I waited, while each passing hour
Deftly struck a fragment from my heart
With the fine precision of the sculptor's art,
Till Pain at last took shape of leaf and flower—
A thorny stem, a perfect rose full-blown,
Which I beheld in wonder and alarm.
Here was the whole design of love, its charm
And simple meaning, chiseled out of stone!

I touched the curling leaf—it did not stir;
The blossom rested calmly in my hand
As marble lilies on a sepulcher.—
And in that hour I came to understand
A greater grief than I had known before,
Of memory whereon tears fall no more.

ALABAMA —KATHLEEN SUTTON

Winter Sunrise

I see the blade of the moon,
a shrinking star,
and three slow gulls
across the saffron promise of the day,
the spell of wakening sky and blanching treetops
that holds me mute and staring.

There beyond is the rapture
that bound me long ago,
and often since—
once more lightly, so simply
passed from a Thought ineffable
into me—
the silent, stricken, all unworthy.

O let me come close
to this wild glory—that not the spiritless task,
nor anyting
shall rob me !

NEW YORK —CHARLES BALLARD

Cambridge in Evening

The church-tower is a black silhouette
Against the blue pattern of the night.

Lighted by moonlight,
Masks of haze float near the forest,
Half-filling the valley. . .

Night-birds whisper in the hedges. . . . .

The tower-bell chants, the tones
Floating out toward the distant roofs of the town:
The echoes are faintly singing. . .
The echoes are dreaming.

A whirlpool of spring perfumes
Is wafted through the night.

Over the roofs,
Over the tower,
Burn the stars.

NEW YORK —LEO A. QUINN

Rondeau: The Cradle

Bylow, bylow! Consumate grace,
A cradle in an antique place!
Thus time the ultimate unrolled:
The lamb is safe within the fold,
The doe escapes the cruel chase.

For I could see a winsome face
Against a pillow of pink lace,
Blue eyes, a tousled head of gold,
Bylow, bylow!

Now let the planets swirl apace!
I never felt the soft embrace
Of little arms, but in that old,
That antique place—O love untold!—
I rocked my baby for a space,
Bylow, bylow!

MINNESOTA —NELL E. MABEY

Quest

Oh, beautiful against the sky,
What loveliness of leaf and bud,
What great boughs joyously upraised
Catch at the flying clouds that scud
Low overhead.....I, too, reach up
In quest of Beauty's flying form;
My earger arms lift yearningly,
And seek to hold her close and warm.

But those fleet clouds are not for you,
Mon Arbre, nor Beauty's kiss for me,
Yet will your branches ever strain,
And my arms stretch out longingly!

OHIO —MILDRED LOWELL ILLSWORTH

The Scarecrow

The scarecrow flaps his dangling arms
And flaunts his wind-blown rags;
He creaks and groans to scare the birds—
"I do my bit," he brags.

GEORGIA —LILLIAN M. PIERCE

Night

Night is a haven
  Profound as the sea—
A boon from oblivion,
  Sheltering me.

Night is a haven
  In which I may hide,
Far from confusion's
  Battering tide.

Night is a haven—
  A boundless defense—
That harbors my weary,
  Aching pretense.

IOWA —ELENORE LEE WHITE

Upon These Shores

Upon these shores
I seem to touch the edge of time,
To hear the opening and closing of vast doors
In slow, monotonous rhyme. . . .

Echoes of Song,
Ripples of old laughter, shut away
In ancient fog, struck like a silver gong,
Shatter in crystal spray.

Neptune and Prosepine,
In their darkened citadels, are stirred. . . .
Bubbles of earth and sky, and I between
Watching a slender, white-winged bird.

ALABAMA —KATHLEEN SUTTON

Lullaby

The swishing and sweeping
Of leaves
Crisped in the
Snap and snarl
Of frost. . . .

The creeping, cowering fog
Shrouding
The dead world
In a cloak of blindness. . . .

The leaden rain on the sill. . . .

Then——
The stillness
Of infinite peace.

OHIO —VERA KEIFER

My Man

My back's a breakin'
Doin' chores all day long.
No time to get cool.
While my man Mose
A-down de street
A-loafin' and playin' pool.

And folks dey say,
"Why yo keep dat
Wuthless niggah 'round?"
"Lawd Honey, 'cause
De name "Missis" hab
A 'rist'cratic sound"

NEW YORK —ALEXANDER HYND-LINDSAY

Friendship

Friendship is not a flower that blooms today,
And dies tomorrow in the wind and rain,
But rather the tried Oak, on whom the fray
Of scourging elements shall beat in vain.
A flower will perish, but the faithful Oak
Will spread around you his protecting cloak.

In Life's gay dance, where Sorrow is unknown,
Pleasure upholds you with her buoyant charms,
But when, in darkness, you may walk alone
You seek the strength of everlasting arms.
A flower is Pleasure, dancing in the light;
The Oak is Patience, waiting through the night.

ILLINOIS —ARTHUR MILTON POPE

EDITOR'S SALON

(Continued From Page Two)

to be able to find a poem on something to eat, suppose you write one."

That night Jimmie wrote the following stanzas:

STRINGIN' THE BEANS

I think of the creek, when I think of home,
And the spring down by the mill;
There were many places I used to roam,
And I love them all, but still—
The one that seems best, now that manhood has come
And I look back over the scenes,
Is the one in the morning, when mother would hum,
Or sing, while stringin' the beans.

Now, mother worked hard, from morning till night;
And sometimes long after dark
She sat with a thimble and thread, by the light,
And mended—and then she'd remark,
"You're sleepy, my son." Then my prayers and a kiss.
All these pictures are dear, but none means
So much as this treasure in memory—'tis
Of mother a-stringin' the beans.

Now we understand. Somebody must be considered along with something to eat before it is really poetic.

When Professor Richard R. Kirk, of Tulane University, was a member of the faculty of the Georgia School of Technology, he kindly accepted my invitation, came out to Emory University and made a most interesting talk to one of my classes. In the midst of his talk, Professor Kirk said:

"There is as much poetry in a rusty nail as there is in a rosebud."

This statement puzzled the students—at first. Professor Kirk has the happy faculty of making the student think; and as he elaborated this theme it dawned upon the young men that there is probably more poetry in the rusty nail on which Pap hung his hat than there is in the rosebud which some in-

different person crushes underfoot.

Speaking of poetic and unpoetic themes, Professor Kirk says in a personal letter: "It's all a question of nearness or interest. I am convinced that bad poets are simply those poets who are most interested in showing off than in doing the double and difficult job of learning what they, themselves, really think and feel, and of using words and rhythms to make the thought and feeling known. It takes time and patience—and the pseudo poem is so easy to manufacture. Just Oh! and Ah! and prove yourself fanciful enough to call a cloud a ship or the stars the for-get-me-nots of the angels!"

Poetic themes? Shakespeare—life, good, bad, or indifferent. Milton—hell. Tennyson—a memory. Burns—a mouse. Wordsworth—daffodils. Lanier—a marsh. Stanton—a baby's face.

All literature, whatsoever, has to do with life. The lyric is a cry of life: Mother hummin' and stringin' the beans; sister sighing at the sink; Dad whistling in the dark.

"If you feel like singin', sing"—whatever be the theme.

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

The year now well past brought forth some surprising developments among the makers, and doubtless you decided on your own favorites as to poets, books, magazines, and the like. These are my reactions, which, you understand, are merely my personal opinions. I'd say that the greatest individual advance as a poet, judging by his published work, had been made by LeGarde S. Doughty, of Augusta, Ga; that the outstanding verse magazine launched in 1934 was unquestionably *Spirit*, organ of the Catholic Poetry Society of America; that the

best verse magazine editorials were those of Stanton Coblentz in his *Wings;* that the best newspaper columns of verse were perhaps tied by James Neill Northe's *Warp and Woof* (in the Herald of Ontario, Calif.) and Ellen M. Carroll's *Choir Practice* (in the Charleston, S. C. *Post*, and the best column of reprints was probably Tessa S. Webb's *Voices and Echoes* (in the Columbus, Ohio, *Dispatch*); that the most beautiful anthology of the year was *Land of Gold*, compiled and edited by James Neill Northe; that the sanest reviews of books of verse appeared in *Voices* and in *Spirit;* that the most helpful prose-on-poetry volume for average readers and writers of verse was *More Power to Poets!*, by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheney; that the most interesting articles (not editorials) on poets or poetry, in the year's magazines were by A. M. Sullivan, Henry Morton Robinson, and Katherine Bregy. And the outstanding book of the year, in poetry? I decline to answer that one; for there were several of debatable excellence, but in my own opinion neither the new books by Edna Millay nor Edwin Arlington Robinson would capture first place. Both, I think, have seen their best days of creative work and are now plowing sterile ruts. Let me repeat, these are merely my opinions throughout. It would be interesting to take a vote on all these points.

Spirit, above referred to, deserves to be better known. Edited by John Gilland Brunini, 386 Fourth Ave., New York ($2.00 a year, six issues), it uses only the work of members of the Catholic Poetry Society; but membership is open to all poets and poetry lovers, irrespective of creed (the membership fee is only $1 a year, and includes the bi-monthly news *Bulletin* of the society and attendance with guests at all meetings). As a matter of interesting fact, *Spirit* uses as many poems by non-Catholics as by Catholics, and pays 20c a line; in the Washington unit of the society (I happen to be local president) our eighty active members include practically all the best known Protestant poets hereabout. This is not a free advertisement for the society; it is giving honor where honor belongs, and to offset misunderstanding by certain writers who declaim the society as a clique and a pay-as-you-enter concern.

Cliford Allen (Torbeson Bldg., Cadillac, Mich.) is editor of a new page of verse in the *Michigan Christian Advocate*. He tells me he can use social vision and brotherhood poems, nature lines "of the proper spirit" and of course verse "of truly religious flavor." —Do you know the

splendid verse-and-prose magazines edited, written, and printed by inmates of the country's prisons? There is the San Quentin *Bulletin*, Adrian Huffman's *The Aganda* of Washington State Pennitentiary, and *The New Day*, of Ohio State Reformatory, to mention but three. — In my "bests" of 1934, I should have added the superb advance in content made by Stanley Mayer's *Fantasy*, of Pittsburgh, a magaznie worthy both of your poems and your subscription, —From February to September, the address of *Wings* will be 37 Ethel Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. — For the present at least, the Cheyney-Trent address is Box 205, Sierra Madre, Calif.—*Literary America* offers a total of $1000 in prizes, for poems and short stories; but one must be a subscriber to be eligible ($4 a year; 175 Fifth Ave., New York). —*Poetry Digest* is a new one, mostly reprints, which it would cost you a 3-dollar subscription to reread, and Alan F. Pater is the editor on whose taste you are asked to lean (516 Fifth Ave., New York). —A young magazine, not yet as very attracive in appearance but good in content, is *Vespers*, edited by Henry Picola (966 E. 25th St., Patterson, N. J.); 10 cents a copy, $1.00 a year. —An amazing conglomeration of news notes of interest to poets and fiction writers, although most of the items concern persons known only to their pas and mas, is *The Notebook*, edited by Flozari Rockwood ("Princes" Flozari, an astro-numerologist), 1309 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; 10 cents a copy.

An amusing story comes from Taos, if Queen Harriet will forgive me the telling. A cowboy named Lee Witt, who knew all the local folk-songs, and had written many of them himself, was persuaded to send some of his work to Miss Monroe's *Poetry*. After some time the songs came back with the comment that the seeress of Erie Street did not consider them sufficiently authentic. "Thunder and rattlesnakes!" snorted Lee, "where in aitch-blank did *she* get *her* illumination?" The story is also told in *Latin Quarter-ly*, Lew Ney's magazine.

Mr. Abraham Chasanow, an attorney of Washington, D. C., has achieved the last word in mechanical rhyme devices. It's a sort of Buddhist pray-wheel, and its phonetic character permits of its use in any language. Most verse hackers have a little rhyming dictionary in their secret drawer (boy, page old Tom Hood or J. Walker or Burges Johnson), and some of us refer to its columns on dark and stormy nights of poem-birth, though we never boast of the need. Now, however, a spinning wheel proclaims itself openly. If you are unashamed,

write for details to Mr. Chasanow (708 18th St., N. W.).

J. Corson Miller's wedding bells failed to chime; Joe remains a happy old bachelor. —The $100 prize of the P. S. of America went to Dorothy Cowles Pinkney for her poem, "Without Candle." Mrs. Thomas Lamont gave the money for the prize. —There were several typographical errors, last time, in my "Visiting the Makers." I don't do the proofreading, but it wouldn't help much, 'cause Henry Harrison says I'm the world's worst. Yet my original copy is clean and double-spaced. Taint fair, sez I. —Little's *Linebook*, from the famous colyum in the *Chicago Tribune*, sold several copies, I have good reason to know: four were sent to me by friends at Christmas. —However, William Griffith writes me that his own compilation, *The Elbert Hubbard Book*, had a first printing of half a *million* copies! And, speaking of wholesale figures, Mr. Griffith has six books coming out in 1935. —Dr. Derek Patmore, now visiting in America, is completing a book about his great-grandfather, Coventry Patmore.

New books on my shelves include, among others, these volumes and brochures of verse: *Nadir*, by Samuel Heller (Channing Press London, $2.50); *I Pray You, Lapidary*, quatorzains by Hala Jean Hammond (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, $1.50); *Quaker Bonnets*, quiet little poems by Sara Bundy Pence (Herald-Silhouettes Press, Ontario, Calif.); Dr. Melton's *The Rime of the Ancient Flivverer*, fun with his No. 824 Ford (Oglethorpe University, Ga., 25c); *Sonnet Lover's Calendar* for 1935 (Dreamland Press, Landover, Md.); *Ships that Come Not Back*, by Freeman Chase Leslie, homey, clean verse with a good swing, in beautiful format (Broadway Press, Inc., St. Paul, Minn.); Ellen M. Carroll's lovely volume, *Lonely Shores* (order from the author, 245 Calhoun St., Charleston, S. C., $1.50); *Scrub Oak and Mistletoe*, by Elizabeth Williams Cosgrove (Coronado Press, Bristow, Okla.); *The Merry Hunt, and Other Poems*, by Stanton A. Coblentz (Bruce Humphries, Boston, $2.00); *Galaxy 1934*, compiled by Beatrix Reynolds and James Gabelle (Garen Press, Ridgewood, N. J.); *Florida Poets 1934*, edited by Vivian Yeiser Laramore (Galleon Press, New York); *Enchanted Window*, by Virginia Spates, also Dr. Spates' brochure *Dust from the Heels of Pegasus* (both from Kaleidograph Press, Dallas); *Sonnets of an Editor*, by Walter John Coates (Driftwind Press, No. Montpelier, Vt.); *Out of the Night*, by George Boit Gierasch (Cabin in the Pines, Akeley, Minn.).

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

THE COLLEGE OMNIBUS, by James Dow McCallum, (Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York; $3.75).

This delightful anthology appeals not only to college students and teachers but also to people in every walk of life; for here the reader is introduced to a wide range of subjects, which variety affords entertainment as well as instruction and intellectual stimulus.

This book is especially notable for its liberality and the completeness of subject matter, thereby providing the persistent and observant reader with clear knowledce of the important events which have influenced contemporary verse.

Here one finds the best work of the most noted English and American authors, including numerous short stories, dramas, a complete novel and a novelette, and twenty-five miscellaneous essays, dealing with subjects that afford the reader pleasure and relaxation.

Some thirteen poets are represented with abundant selections of their finest work; and there is a complete biography of Queen Victoria by Lytton Strachey.

This volume should prove invaluable as a practical reference book, and should be universally accepted as a cherished addition to any library.

Edna Crouch Fitzgerald

THE MERRY HUNT—Stanton A. Coblentz. Bruce Humphries, Inc. ($2.00).

From the pen of Stanton Coblentz, editor of the fine poetry magazine, WINGS, one always expects literary excellence, and in this collection of eighty poems, he does not disappoint us. His lyrics sing and a fine philosophy glows through his unerring technique. A variety of subject-matter also contributes to the reader's enjoyment of the volume. Space forbids quoting an entire sonnet, many of which are included in the collection, but we offer the sestet of one called "Derelicts" (In a City Park):

"Here are the ragged masks of brothers dead
In all but seeming; while with scurring haste
We, less fortunate, pass and scarcely see;
Nor recognize our kin; nor that instead
Of those scarred phantoms of the asphalt waste,
Chance might have chosen even you or me!"

WINDS OF MEMORY—Gladys McDow Hibbett (Illustrations by Antoinette Rhett). Poetry Publishers, Philadelphia. ($2.00).

These authentic songs of the South have a charm all their own and suggest poetic recognition for their author. Especially pleasing are the poems which reflect affection for the regions in which Mrs. Hibbett's life has been spent, namely, Charleston and vicinity and Tennessee where she now resides. An appealing quatrain is quoted:

"To him who touches human need
The poet's pen, with subtle art,
Is the stethoscope that clearly shows
Where day-dreams hide within my heart."

AMERICAN PROSODY—Dr. Gay Wilson Allen. American Book Company ($3.00).

This book is the first attempt to trace the historical development of the prosodiac theory and practice of the chief American poets, a subject often crowded out by the many other aspects of a poet's life and works.

"If American poetry deserves to be studied as *poetry*, then we can no longer afford to ignore this fundamental subject," writes the author in his preface. "My purpose has been to provide the facts and general outlines of the poets," from Freneau through Emily Dickinson.

Dr. Allen adheres to his purpose in that he does not presume to advance any original theories or indicate an ideal prosody. Nor does he present critical estimates, except where the discrepancy between the poet's theory and practice is so apparent that it might confuse the student. Such guidance on the part of the author is at once convincing that Dr. Allen is both a scholar and teacher. Students of versification will derive both pleasure and profit from his book.

FROM THE HID BATTLEMENTS—Dom Placid. The Caxton Printers, Limited, Caldwell, Iowa. ($2.00)

From Benjamin Musser's foreword we take the following:

Again, there is the spiritual insight of the priest marvelously fused with the esthetic vision of the poet and sustained successfully through a variety of poetic forms and moods, in THE PAGEANT OF THE BEADS, rising at times, particularly in a not less than inspired treatment of the Sorrowful Mysteries, to an authentic rightness no carping

critic can gainsay.

The narrative gift of this poet is admirably exemplified in the sustained and cumulative quality of his SILVER MAID. Ste. Jeanne d'Arc lives again under Father Placid's pen.

You will find this authenticity even in the briefest lyrics of this gifted son of St. Benedict. In his section VARIA, for example, is this quatrain reprinted from the May-June 1933 cover of the magazine VERSECRAFT:

Logic never moved the hearts
  Of populace or kings,
For reason—reason only speaks,
  But love—love sings!

Is there not the very essence of mystical in sight and of the office of seer in his lines "To A Priest Just Dead"?—

Light-shrouded thane
  Of sacrifice,
Offering thy Lord
To thy God each day—
Light-shrouded, now
Thou holdest aloft
  Thyself
On a paten of clay.

Father Tabb never wrote anything finer than that and you in your reading of Father Placid's poems—and be sure to read them aloud, as poetry, which is not a picture but a voice, always should be read—you will discover many others as authentic, as engendering to ecstasy, the breathing of the soul.

RATHER PERSONAL, by Leonora Owsley Herman (Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont; $2.00).

The Atlanta Journal, Sunday, December 23, 1934, finds Leonora Owsley Herman's collection of poetry "serious and gay, engagingly titled," and that is "reveals in her many versatile moods a poet widely recognized for her mastery of form and her rich sense of color and harmony. . . . . Her early interest in music, and a later preoccupation with painting, are both reflected in her poems, in which she finds ex-

pression for a vivid imagery that outruns them both. Henry Goddard Leach, editor of Forum and Century, has called her contribution to serious poetry 'beautiful,' and her light verses flippant and clever.'" To these sincere and highly deserved compliments the Editor of BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE would like to add that Leonora Owsley Herman is, herself, a poem.

THE BRONZE HUNTER And Other Poems—Isabel McLennan Mc Meekin. Dorrance and Co. Inc., Philadelphia.

The title poem, a long historical narrative, portrays in vivid and beautiful verse, the life and character of Daniel Boone, and his conquest of Kentucky. This poem, alone, is worth the price of the book. Tucked away in the back of the book, are a number of short poems that deal with a variety of subjects. Among these, the sonnet, "Tall Men," is especially interesting.

MOONLIGHT IN MY LAP—Jane Hullihen Marshall. Dorrance and Co., Inc., Philadelphia.

An attractive little book, bound in dark green boards, lettered in gold. The poems contained in this volume, vary in topic and the poet's manner of expression is simple, clear-cut and restrained. The reader is conscious of a note of sadness throughout the book.

Minnie Belle Ballard

Thy Rod and Thy Staff

Twice only I found you. The once on a hill,
Whose daisy-starred carpet lay close to the blue,
With fingers of wonder encircling my heart,
I wakened to you.

And once, in the silence that followed a word,
With bitter invective I called on your name.
And off on the crest of a daisy-starred hill,
You heard me . . . . and came.

NEW YORK —HELEN V. DRUM

Arthur T. Merrill of California awards a copy of his CLOVER BREATH to Margaret Mathews (Adelaide Muller) for her poem "English 408" in the November-December issue of BOZART.

Plan for Awarding the Bi-Monthly "Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" ($25.00)

To enable us to find out the type of verse the readers of this magazine like best, and to relieve the editor of the necessity of rendering a one-man decision, or of securing other judges, a detachable ballot is provided (see inside cover page). Please fill out this ballot and mail it to the editor not later than April 5. (The favor will be greatly appreciated if you kindly send with you ballot, the names and addresses of friends who are interested in poetry).

The Policy of This Magazine

We are pleased to consider real poems of any type whatsoever—usually not over 32 lines. We do not pay for individual poems, but we offer a number of substantial and attractive prizes.

Those who have manuscripts to submit would do well, first, to become familiar with the magazine. All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamps, or stamped, addressed return envelope.

The editor is especially pleased to discover new poets; he regrets, however, that he cannot undertake to criticize—gratis—any poems except those accepted for publication in this magazine.

Tony Wons, one of the most engaging personalities in the Radio world, and a man whom this editor delights to call his friend, offers a cash prize of $10.00 to the author of the poem, published in BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE this year, which I (Wightman F. Melton) judge to be the poem that he (Tony Wons) would like best,

Adrian Huffman, editor of AGENDA, offers a copy of ATONEMENTS OFFERINGS to the author of the best poem in this issue of BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE. He is to be the judge.

Arthur Truman Merrill offers a copy of CLOVER BREATH to the author of the best poem in this issue of BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE. He is to be the judge.

We hope to announce other prizes in March-April.